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BRIEF MENTION.

Ritschl, whom I adored afar off when I followed his lectures in 1852-1853 (A. J. P. V 340), was a sworn foe of rhymed translations from classical poetry, and I recall the scornful expression of his mobile countenance as he held up to our derision a new rendering of Horace in German rhyme and read out with contemptuous emphasis the opening of Od. II 2: Sallust, du bist dem Erz nicht hold. If teachers only realized the effect of their *obiter dicta* on their pupils, they might be a little more careful in their utterances. From that time, doubtless, dates my abandonment of rhyme and my long series of failures in the rendering of Greek and Latin verse into the metres of the original (A. J. P. XXX 354). 'The Restraint of Rhyme too often forces the ingenious Translator to abandon the true sense of the Poet and for the sake of a sounding Word, to put in something of his own', says old Dunster, a quotation which I owe to a lover of Horace, who has appended to a privately printed translation of the poet a string of protests against the meretriciousness of the modern Muse, who walks and minces as she goes and makes a tinkling with her feet. Of course, every reader can supply specimens of passages that have been utterly ruined by rhyme, but there is just one illustration that will not be suppressed. It has haunted me for thirty odd years, because the exigency of rhyme has spoiled the dramatic propriety of a speech in the *Odyssey* and the dramatic propriety of the speeches in the *Odyssey* is a matter of perpetual wonder to the student of Homer. It is hardly possible to refine too much on the subtlety of the workmanship or, if you choose, the fidelity of the mirror. In the final scene between Odysseus and Nausikaa, the daughter of Alkinoos says:

χαῖρε ξείν' ἵνα καὶ ποτ' ἔὼν ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ
μνήσῃ ἐμεῦ, ὅτι μοι πρότῃ ζῶάγρι' ὀφέλλεις.

The *ἵνα* is in the air. So much the better. It is feminine syntax, the same feminine syntax that one recognizes in Hera's confused reply to Zeus when he awakes in anger to find how she has beguiled him (O 35 foll.). It is pitiful to read what some grammarians have written about the exceptional construction of the Hera passage and the irregular use of what I have called the feminine negative (A. J. P. XXXI 71). These are they who have never read the novels of the late Charles Reade. More's the pity for he knew something about woman's language (A. J. P. V 68; cf. IX 151). Now in the days when I tried to interpret

the charm of the *Odyssey* to an audience of non-Grecians, I was much given to drawing on Worsley. His romantic rendering is as seductive practically as it is hopelessly wrong theoretically and I needed his lucent syrop for my philtre. But what does he make of the passage, thanks to the fatality of rhyme?

Hail stranger guest! When fatherland and wife
Thou shall revisit, then remember me
Since to me first thou owest the price of life.

Surely, at such a time a wife is an inexpressive she.

And yet I have no quarrel with Worsley, nor have I any quarrel with Professor GILBERT MURRAY'S translation of *Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris* (Oxford University Press). Professor MURRAY'S success in conveying the thrill of his conception of Hellenism to those that are without the pale entitles him to the admiration and the gratitude of all professed Grecians, and I mention this, his most recent study, only to express my appreciation of his easy mastery of a difficult art. To translate the choruses into rhyme, for that there is precedent enough, but to go back to the days of Dryden and put bells on the toes of the dialogue as well as jingling rings on the fingers of the singers shews the supreme confidence of a genius that defies criticism. The best plan for the Grecian would be to read Professor MURRAY'S *Iphigenia* as if it were an original poem and try to find in it the charm that Professor MURRAY'S renderings have for those who see Euripides only through his eyes. It is a truer vision than some of us had when we were under the thrall of the once prevalent school of German aestheticism, a truer vision than was accorded even to Jebb (A. J. P. XXVIII 483). I myself do not need the adjustment that was eminently necessary for me fifty years ago. No one who has lived and loved and suffered, who has been taught by the rude discipline of war the ineluctable hold of the native soil, no one who has learned the deeper meaning of everyday things and everyday people, who has learned to answer to the call of the woods, and above all to the call of the sea, no one with such a training needs a vindication of Euripides as a poet. My business ought rather to be with Professor MURRAY'S text-edition of Euripides which has been happily completed and of which much good has been said by those who are more competent to judge than I am of his constitution of the text. But as I turn from the translation to the original I am reminded of those who are ready to say, in illustration of a familiar thesis, that an intelligent reader, innocent of Greek, will get much more out of GILBERT MURRAY'S translation or transcription than can possibly be squeezed out of the

original by the schoolboy, who painfully puts together what are to him the disjected members of a Greek sentence and clothes them, not with the vernacular—that might be amusing—but with the piebald lingo that has been handed down from schoolmaster to schoolmaster as the proper attire for the classics. To the true Grecian a little Greek is better than none. Even the proper names are untranslatable. The finest line in Racine, says Gautier, is ‘la fille de Minos et de Pasiphaë’, which occurs suspiciously early in the Phèdre, just the position in which favorite verses are apt to occur. But ‘Minos and Pasiphaë’ in English has no such effect as ‘Minos et Pasiphaë’ in French, and Pope’s Iphigénia and Professor MURRAY’s Iphigénia lack the dactylic surge of the Greek Ἰφιγένεια, whose other and queenlier name is Ἰφιάνασσα. Listen: ἡ ’ν Αὐλίδι σφαγεῖσ’ ἐπιστέλλει τάδε | ζῶσ’ Ἰφιγένεια, τοῖς ἐκεῖ δ’ οὐ ζῶσ’ ἔτι:

She that was slain in Aulis, dead to Greece
Yet quick, Iphigenia, sendeth peace.

‘Sendeth peace’, peace where there is no peace and ‘Greece’ where there is no Greece, but only the ἐκεῖ of the world of the loved and lost. And so against my firm resolve I am launched into the discussion of the hopelessness of translation, which is really an apology for my own acknowledged failures.

Translation is, indeed, a hopeless task, but this very hopelessness is, in a sense, the measure of its usefulness as an initiation into the spirit of the author and of the language. No better way of introducing the novice to the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace than a close study of the *Commentarius ad modum Minelli*, the *ordo* of the Dauphin edition. Every change of a word is for the worse and the schoolboy learns why. In like manner, I am grateful to that fine scholar, Émile Egger, from whose *Grammaire Comparée* I learned sixty years ago the pedagogical value of the Paraphrase of the Iliad. And so it comes to pass that when I am forced to compare a translation, line by line, with the original, I go to school again and my heart is stirred to sympathy with the man who feels the original doubtless better than I do, though perhaps he is less meticulous. Πέλοψ δ’ Ταντάλειος with which Euripides opens the I. T. is a problem. To an Attic the patronymic meant so much more than it did to the Boeotian, who used it familiarly. ὦ Κλεινίειε παῖ heightens the tone of ὦ παῖ Κλεινίου, itself high enough. We are in the sphere of ὦ Κρόνιε παῖ ’Ρέας. No wonder then that an admirable Grecian like Professor MURRAY is not content with ‘Tantalid Pelops’, but finds himself moved to prefix ‘Child of the man of torment and of pride’, and so carries us back to the First Olympian of Pindar to which both Tantalos and Pelops belong. However, the same problem recurs in τῆς

Τυνδαρείας θυγατρός, but as the chief thing about Tyndareos in his marital partnership with Zeus, we have to be satisfied with 'Clytemnestra', though we are tempted to use the language of Amphitryon: *τίς τὸν Διὸς ξύλλεκτρον οὐκ οἶδεν βροτῶν*;—*θοαῖς ἄν' ἵπποις* calls up to the mind of the Greek scholar a very different image from 'on flying steeds'. He remembers out of the same First Olympian Poseidon's *χρυσέαισιν ἄν' ἵπποις*, and he thinks of Pelops and his *δίφρον τε χρύσειον πτεροῖσιν τ' ἀκάμαντας ἵππους*, whereas 'on flying steeds' transports one to Rubens and his famous picture of the Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus by the Dioscuri. To be sure, the horse is sometimes a very inconvenient animal to the translator, and 'steed' is generally accepted as a poetical equivalent. So Jebb, accounted a prince of translators, renders *εὐίππου τᾶσδε χώρας* 'this land of goodly steeds'. By the way *εὐ-* in compounds is often negligible and I should prefer to say 'Land of steeds' as Burns says 'Land of cakes'. True, 'steed' is a fine old A.-S. word, but it means 'stallion' when it does not mean 'mare', and the Authorized Version which is chiefly concerned with chariots does not use it. So here we have to do with a chariot. The steed does not work so well in harness and we feel the same incongruity that amuses us when we read:

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift you flew
Her neat postwagon trotting in.

The little word *τε* in *Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε* is a resurgent trouble. Every Grecian feels the difference between *τε* and *καί*, but to reproduce it would cost more than it comes to and would thus violate one of the great canons of translation. *τε* links. Combine it with *καί* and we have a pair of handcuffs, a pair of nippers such as Sokrates claps on the notorious brace of sophists, *ὦ Εὐθύδημέ τε καὶ Διονυσόδωρε*. But despite the canon just cited Professor MURRAY is overborne by his feeling for *τε* and interprets it by 'linked king with king'. All this is fourth-form erudition, doubtless, but the fact abides that for everyone who knows Greek at all this fantastic procession of caps and bells dances down the margin of every translation from beginning to end. It utterly unfits the grammarian for the right kind of criticism and the 'poor soul' is justly stigmatized as a 'mean spirit'.

It has been said of Flaubert that imagination was his Muse and reality his conscience. Flaubert is not a model for a syntactician, but there are to my mind worse formulae for the kind of study to which I am addicted than this characteristic of Flaubert. No patient assemblage of details will take the place of vision (A. J. P.

XXIII 113), but there is no vision that is worthy of record without the patient assemblage of details. The false scent that we grammarians follow so often is really a matter of imagination and I do not know a finer picture of certain investigators than the one Xenophon furnishes in his *Kynegetikos* 3, 10 where he is telling of a pack of poor harriers: μεταθέουσι γὰρ αἱ μὲν ἀσαφῶς, αἱ δὲ πολὺν ὑπολαμβάνουσαι, δοξάζουσαι δὲ ἔτεραι, αἱ δὲ πεπλασμένως, φθονερῶς δὲ ἄλλαι ἐκκνουῦσι παρὰ τὸ ἔχνος διὰ τέλους συμπαραφερόμεναι. Let me give Mr. Dakyns's version. I cannot improve on it for my present purpose. 'They run on without clear motive, some of them; others taking too much for granted; and a third set simply play at hunting; or from pure jealousy, keep questing about beside the line, continually rushing and tumbling over one another'. I have not made up my mind whether I belong to αἱ δὲ πολὺν ὑπολαμβάνουσαι or to δοξάζουσαι δὲ ἔτεραι, but I have had no little amusement from time to time in watching the antics of the rest of the pack. Some months ago I was indiscreet enough to follow Stahl in his coursing over the field of the Greek verb, and though I was not nearly so much bored as I pretended to be, I came home dogtired after the hunt and closed the volume of the *Syntax des griechischen Verbums*, never to open it again for continuous study. Those who know the subject know that the essentials of the second half are contained in the first and why should I be at the pains of looking up the various passages in which the A. J. P. has anticipated both facts and doctrine or protested in advance against Stahl's teachings? Such a proceeding would savor of arrogance unless it were accompanied by references to the sources of my own wisdom—which are often hidden from me—forgotten dissertations, stray notes in a mass of commentaries, chance utterances of some dead teacher. My syntactical researches have heightened my personal enjoyment of Greek literature and that suffices me at the close of my long career. The rest of the pack can quarrel as much as they please about the first smell—real or fancied. And yet a number of the Journal without some allusion to Greek syntax as a number of the Journal without some quotation from Pindar would give rise to the suspicion that I had lost my bearings. ἦ ῥ', ὦ φίλοι, κατ' ἀμευσίπορον τρίοδον ἐδινήθην ὀρθὰν κέλευσθον ἰὼν τοπρῖν. And having thus done my devoir to Pindar, I proceed to remark on a couple of syntactical matters that have forced themselves on my attention of late.

The doctrine of the cases is the opprobrium of syntacticians (A. J. P. II 88; XXIII 17). It was said by them of old time that σῶμα and σῆμα were one and I am tempted to say that πῶσις and πῶμα are one and that the carcasses of the cases have fallen in the wilderness of vain speculation. The verb,—if there be such a thing as the verb,—is the soul, and the soul according to Plato

is the *prius* that clothes itself with matter, but the process of putting on is a very fanciful one. The verb itself is not a simple problem as we have seen, but the noun is infinitely more difficult. The verb can be disposed of after a fashion in a catechism, but the noun belongs to the world of things. And you cannot bet on the cases. *ἐνεδρεύω*, said an American Orbilius sixty years ago, ought to take the dative, and so he changed all the accusatives to datives and earned the everlasting contempt of Greek scholars. He was only one degree removed, however, from Cobet, whose uniformitarian soul kicked at *καταρᾶσθαι* with the dative (A. J. P. XXIII 23). The definitions are too vague to be of any practical service. The outer object evolves itself from the inner object, but once evolved, it goes its own sweet way. When the free love marriage of verb and noun is sanctioned by usage, by common law, we try to understand it, or pretend to understand it. For my part I find no comfort in elastic definitions. 'Elastic definition' is a contradiction in terms and I am not surprised to find that in a recent number of the IGF. XXVII 121 f. Brugmann quarrels with the so-called accusative of respect (Akkusativ der Beziehung), though he finds himself obliged to use the terminology. I cannot undertake to follow here his evolution of the use and his restrictions of it. 'Beziehung', 'respect', 'extent'—all these terms instead of clearing up the matter stand between the student of language and the true conception. Let such an one strengthen his vision by a contemplation of the so-called accusative in Hebrew and the Aryan accusative will be a bagatelle.

I have had occasion to tell the story of the Greek infinitive a mort of times in the last thirty years, how it began with the dative or, if you choose, the dative-locative of a verbal noun and won its way to being the representative of the finite verb in oratio obliqua; how the dative case lent itself to the conception of finality, a finality which survives in the accusative of result into which the dative was deadened, the article being as it were the seal of the coffin; how the early time cared not to divide finality into purpose and tendency, purpose that lies in the individual, tendency that resides in the nature of things. If man does not purpose, the gods are then to purpose. Those Filipinos who, according to STARR (*Filipino Riddles*, World's Book Co., Yonkers, 1900), call everything that is, a block as well as a blockhead, 'a creature of God', occupy the primitive plane. The world is full of gods, as the first Greek philosopher said, and the Greek of Homer's time is as the poet of Tennyson's time, who recognizes an increasing purpose in the history of the world. The world is full of demons to thwart the purpose of the individual. One returns home to wed. No. One returns home to die. It was not until after Homer that the distinction between

purpose and tendency was formally made. The purpose became a quasi-purpose and *ῥοτε* was the sign thereof, and *ῥοτε* (*ῥς*) with the infinitive gave the quasi-purpose as *ῥς* with the participle was used afterwards to give the quasi-fact. All this I had threshed out, the essentials of it, long before some of the monographs that Mr. CHARLES JONES OGDEN has paraded in the bibliography of his dissertation—*De Infinitivi Finalis vel Consecutivi Constructione apud priscos poetas Graecos* (New York, Columbia University Press, 1909). But so far as Dr. OGDEN is concerned, I have written in vain, for his reference to my Syntax is meaningless and I doubt whether he has studied Berdolt or he might have been prompted by Berdolt to read what I have written on the subject of the consecutive infinitive, part only of which has passed over into Goodwin's Moods and Tenses. Those who are acquainted with my views will not be surprised, therefore, that I do not see much benefit to be gained from Dr. OGDEN's categories in a domain in which the absence of discrimination is the important feature. Of course, Dr. OGDEN puts STAHL's monumental book on his list. Whether he has studied STAHL or not is another matter, but I will allow myself to give a summary of STAHL's view in order to shew the irreconcilable antipodism. In my discussion of the matter I start with the finality of the infinitive as I should start with the personality of the dative. In his chapter on the consecutive and final infinitive STAHL starts with the consecutive. Both consecutive infinitive and final infinitive, he says, have the common notion of consequence. Only in the final infinitive the consequence is aimed at; and then he proceeds to distinguish between the infinitive of 'Zweck' and the infinitive of 'Absicht'. 'Zweck', he is good enough to tell us, is objective, and lies in the nature of the thing itself. 'Absicht' has to do with the subjective 'Zweck' of the subject. But this playing with an objective object and a subjective object does not bring the veteran explorer much practical comfort. What he calls 'Zweck' we call 'tendency', what he calls 'Absicht' we call 'purpose', but he finds great difficulty in distinguishing everywhere between 'Folge' and 'Zweck' and still greater in distinguishing between 'Zweck' and 'Absicht'. I wish the translator of STAHL all joy, for here as elsewhere the eminent scholar makes use of German synonyms that have no exact counterparts in English (A. J. P. XXIX 270).

In his first edition of the *Wasps of Aristophanes* VAN LEEUWEN had not hit upon the three story arrangement of his notes, critical apparatus, exegetical commentary, proof-texts. This arrangement, which is followed in the later editions of the plays and has much in its favor, obtains in the new edition of the *Wasps* also. At this late day, it is not necessary to give

expression to any general recommendation of VAN LEEUWEN'S Aristophanic work, which has been cordially welcomed by all lovers of the poet everywhere and has become a necessary part of the scholar's apparatus. His commentary is sharp, clear, sensible and individual. Individual, did I say? An achromatic edition of Aristophanes would be an abomination and yet no sympathetic commentator of Aristophanes reflects the poet's smile at the same angle with his fellows and it is just here that criticism is apt to come in. VAN LEEUWEN is not afraid of criticism and lays stress upon his originality. True, he says that he has availed himself of studies that have appeared since the first edition of the *Wasps*, notably Starkie's edition (A. J. P. XIX 113), and he professes to have profited by the strictures of the philological press, but 'ante omnia' he cries, with a certain Dutch sturdiness, 'operam dedi ut meus manerem'; and on comparing the new edition with the old I find that he has stood to his colors like Washington Irving's Hardkoppig Piet and sometimes, where it would have been better if he had surrendered. To be sure, he reads now v. 177: ἐξάγειν δοκῶ (A. J. P. XIV 498) and he has supplied a note to v. 231: ἰμὸς κύνελος and to v. 394: τὰς κάρνας. There is a *conspectus metrorum* and ἀρέσκειν is allowed to take an accusative, but the monstrous etymology of ἐξεφρίμεν = ἐξεπαρίμεν abides, despite my protest; and whilst he has modified (v. 429) his untenable statement as to the 'tantum non semper' order, object inf. subject, he dies hard and merely substitutes 'constanter' for 'tantum non semper'. In a matter like this nothing short of exhaustive statistics will settle the point. See A. J. P. XIV, l. c.

There is no disputing the virtues and the value of Polybios. To everyone who has to do with history he is an inevitable study; and every earnest soul is apt to resent the contemptuous way in which that narrow rhetorician Dionysios of Halicarnassus dismisses him as Cicero dismisses those admirable orators whom no one reads. We say to ourselves, 'Polybios is interesting', but in the next breath we catch ourselves saying, 'He ought to be interesting', and wind up by asking ourselves the question: 'Why is he so tiresome?' Wisdom there is in Polybios, and to spare. Adventures there are that would furnish forth a library of shilling shockers. Why does not some one write a book of Stories from Polybios? There are glimpses of the life of the times such as we find in no other historian of antiquity. The lover of historical parallels will find a host of diagrams at his service. There are character sketches that remind one of the historical portraits in which moderns delight. There are bits of description that may give the topographer trouble, but which for all that seem singularly vivid to him who reads for entertainment. Those who have a weakness for anecdote and epigram

cannot complain of any lack of such things in Polybios. The speeches have meaning, have point and are not merely rhetorical exercises on the parade-ground of the commonplace. He is a conscientious writer, in fact, he makes too much of his conscientiousness, and there is or ought to be a charm in honesty. But he preaches too much, he sprawls too much. He is scrupulous in the avoidance of hiatus, but there is one hiatus that he cannot escape, the yawn in the face of his reader. The famous alternative of 'Guicciardini, or the galleys', doubtless suggested by the story of Dionysios and Philoxenos, repeats itself in the form of Polybios or the penitentiary. We can understand those who love to bathe in the *lactea ubertas* of Livy, but wading is the only word for most of the readers of Polybios; and the only way to forget the wading is to fish, and there is good fishing in the current of Polybios' history, so that Polybian specialists, not a few, have arisen of late years, and among these CARL WUNDERER is noteworthy for his interesting studies, of which mention has been made in the Journal (XXIII 349), and the third in the series is an essay on *Similes and Metaphors in Polybios* (Leipzig, Dieterich). Studies of this kind have multiplied greatly in recent times. The collection and sorting of such things may easily degenerate into more or less mechanical cataloguing and the true value of such collections, which lies very largely in the comparison of authors and periods and nationalities, is seldom realized, but WUNDERER has gone deeper into the matter and has succeeded in enhancing the puzzle why Polybios is not more interesting than he is. In the old times to edit an author was to take a brief in his case, but that rule does not hold nowadays and close association often serves to beget an antipathy, to which intimacy lends pungent expression. WUNDERER is not blind to the defects of Polybios, but he is after all a generous advocate.

'Nicht mit dem bekannten Dem und Dem zu verwechseln' was a favorite formula of Karl Friedrich Hermann's in his lectures on Greek and Roman Literature, in fact, so great a favorite that by force of habit we, his admiring disciples, were fain to write in our note-books 'T-e-u-f-f-e-l, nicht mit dem bekannten Teufel zu verwechseln'. Of course, the especial public of the Journal is supposed not to need such admonitions, but I am told that rank outsiders sometimes read *Brief Mention*, and even professional scholars have been known to confound the two Ernestis and the two Nitzschs (A. J. P. V 342, l. 19, where read G. W. N.) and the two Kocks. There is a Friedrich Cauer and there is a Paul Cauer and there are two Burys, both Greek scholars, R. G. BURY, the younger, and J. G. BURY, the elder and more terrible. Years ago one brother pitched his tent on the *Χαρίτων ἀρουρα* of

Pindar and now the younger has staked out a claim on the flowery field of *Plato's Symposium*, both favorite hunting-grounds of my own. There is an interesting contrast in the behavior of the two brothers. The 'intoxication of Pindar's style' seems to have communicated itself to the elder brother, as I pointed out at the time (A. J. P. XI 528). The younger brother has partaken of the *moly* 'that Hermes to the wise Ulysses gave', and the first English edition of the *Symposium* of Plato by R. G. BURY (London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) is so sober a performance that it stirs an insane longing for such a commentary as the late Oscar Wilde might well have furnished. What the mortal name of Mr. BURY's *moly* is I do not know. Perhaps it is the Philebus with which Mr. BURY employed himself a few years ago. 'Der neueste Herausgeber und gründliche Bearbeiter des Dialogs' says Constantin Ritter of the editor, and I am willing to take Constantin Ritter at his word, for the Philebus is no favorite of mine and I have never studied it since I compared my own elaborate analysis with Horn's (A. J. P. XV 92) wondering all the while why Dionysios should have picked out this particular dialogue as a specimen of Plato's simple style. Perhaps a decoction of Rettig, whose esculent name ill fits his commentary, may have cooled the current of Mr. BURY's veins, or he may have been chilled by the close embrace of Hug, traces of whose 'scholarly and useful' and, to my mind, dreary edition are found on every page of Mr. BURY's commentary. But there is a new edition of Hug's *Symposium* by Schöne and further mention will be postponed until I can take up the two together.

I began by citing one guide of my youth, Ritschl. Goethe was a still earlier guide; and one thing that I learned from his 'Wahrheit und Dichtung', which I refuse to call 'Dichtung und Wahrheit', was the sacredness of the proper name. To the end of his days Goethe never forgave Herder the elephantine fun he made of his patronymic, and his illustrious example justified me when I resented, as I shall always resent, being called Gilderstene. I have walked a mile sometimes, sometimes spent an hour in getting an initial straight, and in the strength of my own virtue I have rebuked my fellow-craftsmen for writing Kirchof and Susemihl, Boeck and Hoeckh. Years ago I remonstrated with the worthy scholar Holden for playing the piano on the name of Leunclavius and insisted on keeping Le Paulmier and Arthur Palmer apart. Like a recent German cataloguer—shall I write 'catalogger'?—I made *oe* and *ö* a matter of conscience, and whenever I wrote Böckh for Boeckh I did penance; and until Zielinski became the world-wide celebrity that he is to-day, I dutifully put a diacritical mark, a manner of prince's feather over the *z* of his name, but now that would be almost as

great an affectation as to write Napoléon. But I am still solicitous to write Brugman or Brugmann according to the stages of the life of that eminent scholar. How often have I written the name of von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff and gloried in the consecutive two f's that seem to challenge the world! And now to think that in an article in which I have treated somewhat irreverently the same theme with the master I have allowed the printer to leave off one of the f's (A. J. P. XXXI 143, l. 37) as if I were ignorant of the *fortissimo* significance of the duplication; as if I had never heard the German student phrase 'Aus dem ff'. I am much more grieved about this typographical error than I should be about certain of Professor POSTGATE'S *Flaws in Classical Research*.

H. L. W.: Among the Manuali Hoepli, which cover almost the whole field of human knowledge, there are several that have proved valuable to Classical students and ought to be widely known in America. L. Borsari, for example, gave an excellent summary of the results of Roman topographical studies in his *Topografia Romana* (1897), S. Ricci furnished a useful manual of Latin Epigraphy (1898) on a method quite different from that of Cagnat, D. Cancogni published a well illustrated guide to the Palatine Hill in *Le Rovine del Palatino* (1909), and the history of Greek, Etruscan and Roman art and archaeology by Gentile-Ricci (1901-1905) is by far the best brief account of this whole subject in existence. The present year sees two more Classical books added to the series, namely, *Il teatro antico Greco e Romano* by VIGILIO INAMA and *Epigrafia Cristiana* by ORAZIO MARUCCHI. Professor INAMA discusses in eight chapters such questions as the first theatre, the development of the theatre, theatrical machinery, the *ἀγῶνες*, the actors and their number, the audience, besides giving a partial list and some illustrations of the theatres which still exist in more or less ruined condition. In contrast with his rather full account of the development of the drama in Greece is his almost total neglect of dramatic beginnings in Italy and of the history of theatrical performance in Rome. On the whole the author's outlook over things Roman is far too limited and some of the more important recent studies in this field are apparently unknown to him, for example, the work of Mau and Dörpfeld on the large theatre of Pompeii (Mitt. d. k. d. arch. Inst., röm. Abth., 1906, 1-59). In connection with the theatre at Verona, too (p. 86), though he mentions the recent excavations and gives five illustrations from late photographs, he ignores in his bibliography the book of E. Giani, *L'antico teatro di Verona* (1908), giving as authority only the monograph of S. Ricci, which was published in 1895.

Since the death of De Rossi none has been better fitted to deal with the Christian inscriptions than Professor MARUCCHI,

who now gives us this excellent handbook. After a brief statement of some of the elementary principles of Latin epigraphy (pp. 1-34), he devotes the first part of his book (pp. 35-70) to a general introduction which includes a bibliography of the subject. The rest of the volume (pp. 71-450) is taken up by the inscriptions themselves, four hundred and ninety-one in number, classified chiefly from the point of view of their bearing on the church and its doctrines, together with necessary comment and discussion. Thirty good plates complete the volume, which lacks only an index to make it all that could be desired in a handbook of such small compass.